Underground

cold war usa

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Chapter 1 by Potato King

The wind felt good on his face. The clouds hung above him, and he saw those thin, white, seemingly weightless pieces of silk. He was flying into the sunset.

He was also flying toward America, of course. He was moving from Britain because his dad had to work in the USA. Britain was devastated from WWII, of course. But the thought of moving to a country that was in the heat of the Cold War made his stomach queasy, but for just this moment, he could almost, only just almost, forget that he was moving to USA.

"John! Dinnertime!" Yelled his mom.

"Okay, I'm coming! In ten minutes!" Replied John.

He could hear his mom sigh, but he really didn't care.

"*If I die when the Commies drop the bomb, it's all my parent's fault.*" Thought John.

As he headed back inside he couldn't help thinking about how he'll be stepping foot on

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